

CHAPTER VIII

' *THE COMING OF THE ALBATROSS*

THE situation seemed worse than ever. While they were in the boat, exposed to all the perils of the sea, Captain Gould and his passengers at least had a chance of being picked up by some ship, or of reaching land. They had not fallen in with a ship. And although they had reached land^ it was practically uninhabitable, yet it seemed they must give up all hope of ever leaving it.

" Still," said John Block to Fritz, " if we had run into a storm like that out at sea, our boat would have gone to the bottom and taken us with it! "

Fritz made no reply. He hurried through a deluge of rain and hail to take shelter with Jenny and Dolly and Susan, who were intensely anxious.

Owing to its position in the corner of the promontory, the inside of the cave had not been flooded.

Towards midnight, when the rain had stopped,

the boatswain piled a heap of sea-weed
near the
. mouth of the cave. A bright fire
soon blazed,
drying their drenched clothes.

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^ Until the fury of the storm abated the
whole sky